

By Edith M. Thomas

For the grand stand!

What did I tell you at Fair time? No one ever yet saw an Exhibition or did a Stampede from

are worth their weight in gold to-day. stand.

The day we struck Calgary we were told to  
 sure and secure our seats for the grand stand car.  
 For the grand stand!  
 What did I tell you at Fair time? No one e  
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are worth their weight in gold to-day. stand.

## HOUSE OF WONDERS IS NOW FOR SALE

The most beautiful house in London, second not even to St. Paul's house, although less known to society, is for sale. Everything about it is stamped with the personality of its late owner, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who built the house with lavish and artistic care in Grove End road, St. John's Wood.

His love of woods is seen in every door, his love of antique things in every room, his love of polished brasses in every stair, and his love of paintings and of books on every wall. It is a house, too, of charming vistas and of infinite variety. At one moment you are taken back through the ages to old Rome; at the next, by crossing a passage or turning the handle of a polished and decorated door, you are in the seventeenth century. Holland, among antique windows and shutters, old oak carved ceilings, and old Dutch furniture, cabinets and glass.

### Vistas from Studio

The vistas from the studio, from the halls and from the rooms are a revelation of the wonderful effects that may be produced by artistic arrangement. You are rarely in one room, but you have a pretty vista of another beyond it. Or if it is not in a room it is in the garden, and the garden, with its marble fountain and its lake, fountains, its arcade and its pergola; full of tane carp; its avenues of its velvet lawns and its wealth of flowers and curtains of creepers, is unique and as fascinating in its way as the house itself.

Artists were so charmed with the house, and had so deep an admiration and so warm an admiration for its owner that they were a delight to decorate the panels of the Roman hall with their own paintings. Lord Leighton's original design for the bath of Psyche is among them, with an interesting Poynter and Sargent, and original work from numerous other representative modern painters.

### Love of Motives

Sir Lawrence loved motives, as well as all other beautiful things that he gathered about him. "Sleep soundly, wake well," was the inscription that his guests are family found before them on retiring at night; and in the morning the first thing that greeted them as they came down the stairs was the further inscription on the wall, "A fair and cheerful morning to you."

In the atrium, with its Pompeian ceiling, its onyx window and its cool fountain, with walls of alabaster, is the hall, some feet long, with its rich woods and panel cast of old ivory, at which Sir Lawrence used to sit, and from the gallery above, you look down upon the studio, a noble room of the finest proportions, with dome of aluminum and walls of rich marble, cut as the old Romans cut it lengthwise, for support. Old Tuscan embroideries, Roman seats, Chinese chairs, Egyptian stools, have their places here, and the different periods and the workmanship of different races mark the furniture the whole effect is one of perfect harmony.

### Filled With Treasures

Here is Sir Lawrence's own painting, "The Death of the First Born," that he left to the museum at Amsterdam, and here is the grand piano, made of various woods, exquisitely inlaid with ivory, tortoise shell and mother of pearl on the parchment panels of which great musicians, composers and singers, like Schubert, Mendelssohn, Saint-Saëns and Joachim among them, have inscribed their names, with the date of which they either played on it or sang to its sweet music.

Dishevelled and slovenly creature, and permission to wear the clothes which are known at Winchester as "rug clothes" on all occasions destroys the charm of the place from time to time, while it tends to destroy something of the solemnity of the occasions, though into him lessons of the Japanese paper and prints; gaudy things—rooms with series of etchings and engravings, a garden studio with a loggia, bedrooms with delightful balconies, an oak paneled dining room looking out upon evergreen oaks in the garden.

## ADVERTISE

IN THE  
MIRROR

## THE COP ON THE CORNER.

Steer back of the cop on the corner,  
For all of the traffic he runs;  
Though you've bought your machine with a wad of  
long green  
And a trifle you hear of in duna:  
(Oh, yes, there are often duna.)  
Kow tow to the man on the corner—  
Salamo to the dignified cop,  
For the auto must halt, tho' the chauffeur finds  
fault.  
When the man on the corner says:  
Stop!

Ride slow past the man on the corner:  
This message we vain would repeat.  
Do no break into wrath when he blocks up your  
path,  
For he is the boss of the street.  
(Oh, yes, he's the Czar of the street.)  
Bow low to the blue-coated cop,  
For the scroacher must pause when he's breakin' the  
laws.

If the man on the corner says:  
Stop!  
Ring your gong when you're nearing the corner,  
And don't you forget to go slow;  
Better pause on the rails like as when the juice  
falls.

Till the man on the corner says go.  
(Oh, yes, in good time he'll say go.)  
Don't get gay with the man on the corner—  
Don't get fresh with the wide-awake cop,  
For the wheels must reverse, though the motormen  
curse.  
When the man on the corner says:  
Stop!

There you go to be seen, not to flee, so with one  
try at it, the morning of the parade, I tied the scene,  
and joined instead the crowd on the bladders—  
hokey-pokey, peanut brigade, who are inveterate  
patrons of the feminate man, and the keenest  
followers of a show you have on the grounds.

There were assembled the catallenes, there con-  
gregated the farmers and ranchers, the small boys,  
and the queer ubiquitous characters who always  
bob up on occasions such as this.

There is a tenseness about a Stampede which  
even a Circus fails to effect. It goes to your head  
like wine. You are in a constant state of gathering  
yourself up for something—and well you may.

Not a man who dashes out of a chute—yonder,  
mounted on one of those snorting, untamed, mad  
things, but takes his life in his hands every time he  
straddles a saddle.

Not a roper who swings down the field after a  
swif-footed steer, but may be very easily dragged  
to his death before your eyes. While the gentle  
sport of bull-dogging! Just watch a rider come  
lively-split around the track, swing himself off his  
horse on the head of a steer running at full gal-  
lop, grab those horns so keen and long they could  
rip him through as easily as a dagger, twist them  
down, and the rider is in a heap, and the next instant  
see him astride his dead, howling and waving his  
hats to the crowd—then ask yourself if Death ever  
harks never that he does when you see him go  
brunch-busting and roping, and, most of all, when he  
gets irresponsible dare-devils to play dice with him  
at bull-dogging.

There are all kinds of courage. The quiet kind  
that consists in just waiting, the kind that masters  
physical suffering, that which we call "keeping  
one's nerve." Broncho-busting and cattle roping  
involves a toll from each of them, with a dash of  
involvement to consequences thrown in, demanded in  
few sports. You couldn't fall to be thrilled by it  
if you were a wooden man.

To those actually engaged in it, it must provide  
an exaltation such as men experience on the field  
of battle, or when pitted against something that  
demands every ounce of endurance and strength  
and coolness, of which they are possessed. As I  
have told you, we sat on the bleachers. Opposite  
was the Royal Enclosure, the chairs of the  
horses and men entered the field, the grand  
stand, and the motley gathering of cowboys, cow-  
girls, and judges ranged in groups ready to  
take part in the performance.

As you will readily see, the instant the "brons"  
came through the chutes, they dashed headlong  
to the opposite fence. That's where we of the Bleach-  
ers got the full benefit of affairs, when the crucial  
moments for mastery between the man and the  
horse took place.

Such swerving, and ducking, and lurching, such  
side-stepping, and rearing, and plunging, such  
snorting, and blowing, and puffing on the part  
of the horses, such coolness and magnificent horsemanship  
from the men who rode them.

They came from all over America, these riders:  
swarthy Mexicans, lads from Arizona, boys from  
lonely ranches, firebrands, girls who could hold their  
own with any of the men, either with the rope, or in  
the saddle, Indians, who in a wild dash, through  
roads so heavy you would wonder your ponies could  
carry their feet, put up some wonderful riding.

Princess Pat couldn't keep her seat as well as  
Duke, Duchess, and the Royalty enroute, clapped,  
and showed their delight in a dozen ways. It was  
the something different that they had been looking  
for. Calgary had made a hit.

The Wild Horse Race, in which fifteen horses  
which had never had leather touch them before in  
their lives, and fifteen picked cowboys took part  
was perhaps the most thrilling event in the week.  
Some never started. Some ran amuck without a  
glance near the gate through which lay their goal.  
Some got saddles on their backs and then beat it  
riders. Few ever came to a finish.

Everything was on the Stampede all the time.  
Here came a cow with dangling broken horns,  
here a horse with his nose ripped open. Then a  
gang of frightened cattle and one or two riderless  
horses, mixing up with a gang of whooping cowboys  
ropes spinning circles in the air, hands blaring. Oh  
a regular host of a time I can tell you.

In the evening, in the Horse Show Building,  
the trick riders went through their paces. They  
were dandies, belle, and wouldn't have sur-  
prised me at all had they cooked a dinner while  
riding at a two-forty gallop, but I loved the  
Cowboys riding in their own, wild, free, graceful  
way; eyes cocked forward, backs as straight as a  
young pine tree—Ah me, and ah me, and ah me,  
breakers they were! I can see this minute,

the long rangy look of them, crissie chaps if you  
please on some of them, cowboy hats crowning  
nearly all of them.

They're a vain lot, those lads, but the best  
sports ever.  
The best man—that's their ticket. A wild lot!  
I'll give them to me any day in place of your  
perfidious, unprincipled, un-moral "drawing room"  
chap.

They've got my respect, every man Jack of  
them. I love them, love them, love them, they  
clean strong life they live. I'd give my soul for  
their pluck.

At dusk, to see the Indians moaning around  
camp, to catch the sound of the callopie in the  
distance, to glimpse the Boys on their cow-ponies,  
sitting statue-like as they mostly do, to hear the  
steers in the corral, lowering their opinions of  
us, and just mooch about yourself. That was  
fun enough for me.

The announcement that Mr. William Short, K.  
C., Joe Clarke, of Klondike notoriety, James Mc-  
George, W. J. McGrath, Alex. Stuart, K.C., and  
Alex. Butcher, late Finance Commissioner, are  
probable candidates for next year's mayoralty race,  
looks as if there would be something interesting  
doing. It is hard at this moment to see how  
of the interests will take sides in the matter, but  
interests are elastic creatures you know, and can  
flip and turn—somersaults, and outdo any cowboy  
stunts you ever dreamed of.

I'm sitting tight, and looking on, and wonder-  
ing, and perhaps catching my breath.  
Lay you a bet, that they'll be the closest and most  
interesting election contest we've enjoyed in years.

## A MUNICIPAL MYSTERY

(From Canadian Collier's)

In the city of Toronto is a man, and there is  
his like in almost every Canadian city—who for  
many years has held office as a city controller, be-  
ing elected regularly each year's City Day. Other  
men, sitting on the same board, have advanced  
ambitious platforms for municipal reform or for im-  
proving the city in some way or another, and have  
been for the time defeated by the politician, prob-  
ably because things they advocated were ahead of the  
times. Other men have been alternately elected and  
defeated, according to the whim of the electorate,  
who have always been acknowledged able and  
honest. But this other man, saying nothing, propos-  
ing nothing, doing nothing; is as sure of his seat as  
though it had been sold to him and he held a ticket.  
He is not a crafter. He holds no pernicious  
doctrines. He represents no predatory corporation. He  
has not a pecking personality and cannot make a  
coloured speech. He was never known to pursue a  
consistent line of conduct, and when he makes a  
speech the reporters work quickly lest they lose a  
chance for what they call "a fool story." Yet this  
man cannot be defeated. There is his like in almost  
every municipal government. They are not actively  
bad, merely foolish. How they get into office is  
a mystery that might be worth investigation by a  
student of the psychology of elections.

## DANCE FOR DIVORCEES

(Reno, Nev.; Telegram to the New York Times.)  
Huffaker's schoolhouse, ten miles south of Reno,  
was the scene this evening of one of the most ex-  
clusive dances ever given in the divorce colony. Phil-  
ip T. Dodge, president of the Mergenthaler Lin-  
otype Company, of New York, was the guest of  
honor, the hostess being Mrs. Mary Evans, a divorcee  
on whom he is to obtain a residence so as to sue  
for divorce. The party has been kept secret among  
the twenty guests who had been invited.

Among them were Mrs. Henry Hutt, wife of the  
artist, who made fame and fortune using his  
wife as a model for his creations; Mrs. A. L.  
Silver, also of New York, who has obtained her  
divorce; Mrs. Christina Meichling, wife of a New  
York lawyer, whose complaint is on record; Mrs.  
Leatrice Collyer, also of that city, who has been  
married to the same man for six months; Ray Baker, a Nevada miner, unmar-  
ried; the only one of the party enjoying this dis-  
tinction of being a divorcee and judge, and his  
cousin of Amelie Rivers, the novelist, and Dr.  
Hartzell, who came here from Philadelphia, but  
whose wife obtained a divorce in the East before  
he could file his complaint.

Dinner was served at a Reno cafe. Afterward the  
party motored to the lonely dance hall in the vacant  
schoolhouse.

## BURNT GUMBO FOR ROADS.

(Harper's Weekly.)  
The railroad companies in the Mississippi Valley  
are this week making practical application of burnt  
gumbo in the construction of roads. For several  
years the use of burnt gumbo as ballast for their  
roadbeds in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and  
other States of the Middle West. Burnt gumbo was  
introduced as a substitute for crushed rock in  
regions where rock could not be easily obtained, but  
its superiority was so clearly demonstrated that it  
came to be used extensively even where ledges were  
abundant.

The mud is really an impure, exceedingly sticky  
clay. The process of preparing it for use upon the  
road is very simple. Cordwood is piled in a low pyra-  
mid eight or ten feet wide. Over this is thrown three  
or four inches of coal slack, and on this again is  
placed from twelve to twenty inches of mud. When  
the wood has been slowly consumed, the mud, which  
converts the mud into small, sharp-cornered, and  
ceilingly hard pieces, so that the product presents  
the appearance of red gravel.

The railroads have found that they can make and  
deliver the gumbo at a board the cost of a car of  
something like thirty-five cents a cubic yard, but  
when burned in more primitive fashion and on a  
smaller scale, as is usually the case on country  
highways, the cost is slightly greater.

Roads covered with this material are never muddy  
or dusty. They keep clean from snow and ice, and  
slow to get out of repair, and weeds or grain will  
not flourish upon them. The supply of mud is un-  
limited, its preparation simple and cheap. Experts  
claim that five years of systematic intelligent  
work with burnt gumbo would make the principal  
country roads as passable all the year round as a  
paved city street, and at a much less cost than the  
amount now wasted in "working the roads."

## McLaughlin's "Canada Dry"



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## FACTS

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Investigate and make your reservation NOW.

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## FACTS

Two Car Lines now in actual operation nearby.

Dozens of beautiful homes on Beacon Heights and adjoining property.

Schools, Churches, Stores, Parks nearby.

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"If our coats had been any other color than red when we were on a treaty or surrender expedition we would have been annihilated," was the opinion of an oldtimer. There was a mystic influence with the Indians in the color. A remarkable story as to how this color was regarded was related by George B. Hall.

"In 1874," he said, "while crossing the country alone I came across a Sioux Indian's tepee. A half-breed who could speak English, was sent after me with the request that the Indian wished an interview. He received me with every manifestation of friendship—I might say almost affection. Through the interpreter he stated he desired to show me his 'good medicine.' He proceeded carefully to unwrap a package of tan deer skins and displayed finally a silver medal about the size of a saucer bearing the date of 1790 which had the impress of King George III. This had been presented by King George's agent to this Indian's grandfather at Detroit, and had been handed down from one generation to another with the information that whenever a soldier wearing a red coat was met that man would be the Indian's friend and protector."

### Indian Turns White

Although the Indians were pretty easily handled when diplomacy and tact were exercised, there were times when their undertakings were fraught with much danger, and firearms had to be resorted to, although a shot was never fired in anger. If a man was wanted the co-operation of the chief could invariably be relied upon.

J. A. Sutherland, who was farrier-major in the old days, recalled a "shooting scrap" at Fort Pelly with an Indian who had escaped from the police at Shore Lake. Sutherland was sent to re-arrest him and when he eventually ran him down a warm fusillade was opened upon the ex-member of the N. W. M. P., one of the bullets grazing his head and another piercing his pony's pack. "I did some shooting, too," naively said Sutherland. "We had a good scrap, during which I shot a dog and put a bullet through an old man's 'blanket'! When that Indian was eventually overcome in a ravine his face had lost all its natural color."

While on an expedition to Macleod when Gen. Sir Edward Selby Smythe was with the party, the Bow river had to be forded at Blackfoot crossing.

The river was in flood and running unusually high. Everything was safely got over, however, with the exception of a double wagon. The teamster, and Special Constable Burton, who has now, alas, joined the great majority, volunteered to throw the gear into the wagon box and paddle it over. When about half way the wagon sank and the two plucky men were given up for lost. Much to the joy of their comrades, however, they were found washed ashore on the other side of the river some distance away, and after much effort they were brought round and were soon none the worse for their exciting experience.

That teamster was John Herron, one of the present hale and hearty old-timers, who has represented Macleod in parliament from 1904 up to last September.

### A Valued Souvenir

In the fall of '75 Mr. Herron was selected by General Macleod to escort General Smythe through the Rockies to the Pacific coast by way of Crow's Nest pass. This, in these days, was a difficult journey, trees in many places having to be felled to effect a passage. For the efficient services rendered

on this occasion Captain the Hon. Miles Stapleton of the Coldstream Guards presented Mr. Herron with a magnificent signet ring, which he wears to this day and of which he is justly proud.

### New Uniforms

The old-timers are wearing new uniforms that are a replica of those worn in 1874—red coats, blue trousers and white helmets. This interesting group includes Col. James Walker (so well known in Calgary), G. C. King (postmaster), Peter McDonald (now chief of police at Great Falls, Montana), William Parker (rancher at Macleod), J. Butlin, J. H. C. Bray (stock inspector, Medicine Hat), James Carroll (merchant, Cammore), E. H. Mansell (one of the "cattle kings" at Macleod), John Stuttaford (rancher near Calgary), W. F. Parker (rancher), George B. Hall (inspector of police), John Herron (ex-M.P. and rancher), Thomas C. Armstrong, F. F. Pope, R. E. Steele, Captain F. Bagley, E. C. Miller, H. H. Nash, G. H. McIlree (assistant commissioner N.W.M.P.), J. A. Sutherland, J. Perault and Joseph Calaustrate (merchant and banker, Maple Creek).



# Why is The Shrewdest Men Rush For KENNEDALE The Moneymaker?

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 BECAUSE it adjoins the Swift Packing Plant.  
 BECAUSE it adjoins the Western Foundry & Machinery Co. (a \$200,000 concern).  
 BECAUSE it adjoins the Casket and Box Factory.  
 BECAUSE it adjoins the Great Northern Tannery.  
 BECAUSE it adjoins other industries.  
 BECAUSE we are giving away free sites to any legitimate manufacturing concern so as to make KENNEDALE a valuable industrial district.  
 BECAUSE a very large milling company has taken an option on fifteen acres in KENNEDALE, with the idea of starting a huge milling plant there.  
 BECAUSE KENNEDALE will all be business property soon.  
 BECAUSE there will be a large number of homes in KENNEDALE this Fall.  
 BECAUSE KENNEDALE has a fine natural 26-acre park.  
 BECAUSE KENNEDALE has graded streets.

BECAUSE KENNEDALE park has an 80 foot Boulevard.  
 BECAUSE it will be a fine Residential as well as a Business Section.  
 BECAUSE it is close to a Post Office.  
 BECAUSE it is close to Schools.  
 BECAUSE it is close to Hotels.  
 BECAUSE it is close to Churches.  
 BECAUSE it is close to the large industries.  
 BECAUSE it is close to car lines.  
 BECAUSE the lots are High, Dry and Level.  
 BECAUSE the lots are large.  
 BECAUSE there is a fine view from KENNEDALE.  
 BECAUSE the roads are good and the soil sandy, and you can walk to KENNEDALE in all weathers.  
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## SPORTING WORLD

In the big leagues there is no question now that New York and Boston will fight it out for the world's championship, the first game in the series being set down for October 8. The fact that Chicago has made it a trifle interesting for the Giants during the past month or so will send the National champions into the final struggle in much better shape. Their walk-over of last year in the league did not help them when it came time to meet the Athletics.

The sensational finish of the year will be in the International, Toronto and Rochester running neck and neck. At the rate the Canadians have been going they should come out all right in the final tussle. Their victory over the Philadelphia Athletics in an exhibition game the other day by 3-0 does not lessen the confidence of their admirers.

It has been arranged in Washington to have all the decisions of the umpire and the required information regarding players repeated all through the grand stand by electrically operated megaphones. The wonder is that something like this has not been adopted long ago. It would add tremendously to the pleasure of the game. Besides, it should be enough to require of an umpire that he should be able to size up the play accurately without making it necessary that he should have a voice that shakes the bleachers.

The sale of the Sporting Times, known familiarly as the "Punk-up," has aroused not a little interest. Mr. E. R. Webb writes of it in the Vancouver Saturday Sunset as follows:—

The immortal "Shifter," Shirley Brooks, who afterwards, I think, became editor of "Punch," died some years ago, and Nathaniel Gubbins quite recently. Those who remain, Mr. "Pitcher," "Dwari of Blood," and "Rusty Tooty," withdraw from the paper. These and one or two others, constituted a galaxy of talent that made the paper, and incidentally a large fortune for John Corbett who bought it for the proverbial old song, and started it with a 45 note. He has now sold it to Mr. De Wend Fenton, a young gentleman whose name came prominently into public notice a few years ago in connection with a certain "cause celebre" of the turf, with which his name and that of Lord Gerard were associated. The price has not been ascertained, but we may be sure that it was a large one, for probably there is no English weekly paper, sporting or otherwise, which has such an enormous sale. That it has a world-wide circulation is no mere figure of speech, for almost everywhere where the English language is spoken and a paper shop is to be found, there must will be the few years "Punk-up." Of the original staff of the paper whose writings will not longer be found in its columns, the most talented, no doubt, is Mr. "Pitcher." Indeed it has been maintained by literary critics whose works are well known, that he is the best prose

writer living, and what he does not know of certain phases of London's Bohemia and half-world is not to be seen even with a microscope.

"Did you see that double play in the last innings?" asked one enthusiast.  
 "No," said the other, "I had a girl with me and was still busy explaining the first innings."

Very gratifying interest is being displayed in Rugby and we shall see some first class games this fall. The proposition to organize an intermediate series is being taken up actively and will do much to bring the game along.

That was a splendid innings of 80 not out that Birtenshaw played for Edmonton against the Strathcona cricket eleven last Saturday. The bowling was fairly strong and with the field properly moved the hits that he made would easily have been good for over a hundred. Whitehouse, an old Warwickshire player, made his first appearance for Edmonton and scored a capital put together 32. The sides were very unevenly matched. Edmonton scored 150 for the loss of but three wickets and all the Strathcona men fell down for a total of but 17.

The only dates that appear to have been definitely arranged in Canada with the Australians are in Victoria, where a British Columbia eleven will be met with on October 26, 28 and 29. The terms are that the Australians get 75 per cent. of the gate. A game at Calgary on these conditions should prove very well worth while. The weather around October 20 is possible to count fairly well and such a match would help Alberta cricket very much. There are plenty of old cricketers scattered all over the province who would be glad to travel long distances to see the game. Has the provincial association done anything in the matter. It is surely not too late yet.

The game at Victoria should be very interesting, as the recent Coast tournament brought out some first class talent. L. T. Dwyelle, a member of the Burrard Club of Vancouver, had an exceptional record, finishing with an average of 68.8 runs per innings. His scores were: 42 not out against Esquimalt; 57 not out against Saanich; 111 against Victoria; 35 against the Albion; 17 against the University Masters; and 12 in the semi-final against Victoria. Mr. Dwyelle was educated at Christ's Hospital, England, and this is the first season he has played on the Coast. He is only 21 years of age, and no doubt will figure prominently in cricket in Vancouver for many seasons to come.

The Winnipeg cricketers failed in their attempt to lift the Canadian championship by winning the Ross Robertson cup in Toronto. The papers say that the feature of the visitors' play was the bowling of "Price." He captured the whole ten wickets in one innings.

Which will be the next western club to try for the championship? It looks as if better cricket is being played in both Alberta and British Columbia than in Manitoba.

The International match resulted in a comparatively easy win for the United States by eight wickets. It is a pity that a really representative Canadian eleven could not be sent over for this event. It amounts to little more than a match between Philadelphia and Toronto under present conditions.

MID-ON.

An English correspondent writes:—  
 "Last season a football player in a match at Watlington was warned by the referee to 'play the game.' His side lost. After the match the player struck the referee in the eye, lacerating the eyeball. Menigings was set up, and the referee died. The player was charged with manslaughter, and, pleading guilty, he was sentenced at Swansea Assizes last week to one month's hard labour. The sentence does not seem to be likely to put an end to the playful practice prevalent in some districts of the loosing side or their supporters taking it out of the referee. Nor is it likely to make competitors for the goal of referee more numerous. Something will have to be done to redress the balance. Perhaps a decoration in the shape of a football V.C. for the referee who gives an unpopular decision would meet the exigencies of the case."

Human nature is human nature everywhere and we see this ugly spirit cropping out in all games in all countries. The crowds and players that have to be dealt with in baseball and lacrosse and hockey are very much the same as those that follow soccer. The difference is that in the Old Country they handle offenders with a much stronger hand. In the case mentioned in the above, it looks as if the assailant was left altogether too lightly, much more so than usually happens when there has been so flagrant a misdemeanor.

The baseball authorities have also accomplished a great deal in settling rowdiness, and the chances are that there will be a greater change in the next few years. The players are under control as they never have been before but much remains to be done with the crowds. The Ty Cobb incident of this last season will do a great deal to lessen offensive rooting, which has kept a good many people away from games who would otherwise be much interested.

As for our own Canadian games, something must be done to bring more order into them, or they will sink into comparative oblivion. Lacrosse is weakening in its hold every year and hockey is far from what it was. They should both be based on a firm basis. There is nothing wrong with the games themselves. But they have to be controlled, as baseball and soccer are.

The way in which not only rough-house but shady practices, that are calmly tolerated here, are dealt with in England cannot be too often dwelt upon. Personation of one player by another, the playing of "ringers" as we know it, is quite frequent with us. The athletic bodies, when they find fault, discipline the offenders mildly, but this is all that happens.

A case was heard at Manchester not long ago in which Joseph Cavanagh, a Leeds athlete, and William Holliday, a trainer, were charged with conspiring together to defraud at the Salford football

sports; and Joseph Cavanagh was further charged with personating Albert Edward Rowling, another runner at these sports, and Holliday with abetting and assisting in the felony.

Mr. Byrne appeared for the Crown, and Mr. Roe Ryerford defended. The prisoners pleaded guilty.

Mr. Byrne explained that the Salford Football Club, held annual amateur sports at Salford, and athletes from various parts of the country attended them for the purpose of betting. The prisoner, Joseph Cavanagh, was a runner, and the prisoner Holliday was a trainer. Both came from Leeds on the day of the sports, Cavanagh having entered for the 130 yards handicap race. It was important for Cavanagh to have as large an allowance as possible so that he might win either of his heats or the final heat, and thereby win certain bets he and Holliday had made. For the purpose of getting a good position in the handicap Cavanagh, who was by name well known in the athletic world, entered himself in the name of Albert Edward Rowling, also a runner at Leeds, but far inferior in ability to Cavanagh. The consequence was that the handicap runner allowed him four or five yards start more in the race than if he had entered in his own name.

Mr. Roe Ryerford said little in mitigation of the offence. The prisoner Cavanagh was a laborer, was married, and had one child. The crime would probably be more serious if the intention of the prisoner was to obtain prizes offered by the Salford Football Club. What they wished to do was to induce Cavanagh to bet on the third heat, but he was so easily, but he did not win the final. As a matter of fact he purposely stumbled not to do so. The action was doubtless a wicked one, but they defaulted only those who were there for betting.

His Lordship, addressing the prisoners, said that some time ago he had to deal with a case at Carlisle very much like this one, and he then said what he intended to do in the future. He was going to keep his word. He said that if cases of that sort came before him again he should be very severe, and that he was going to be severe. The prisoners had conspired together to cheat the bookmakers, and, having done that, he had not the slightest doubt that they had conspired together not to win the final. Did they not think that there were plenty of people who having backed Cavanagh for his heat also backed him in the final? Those people were all cheated by the prisoners. They were two cheats, and there was no other word for them. Under the cloak of sport they had committed an offence which he thought a very serious one, and he rejoiced that they would not be allowed to compete again. He should think that any club which allowed them to play upon its grounds again would be very much to blame. They would each have to go to prison for six months with hard labour.

The officials of many Canadian clubs have been guilty of practices not a bit worse than these, and yet have been able to retain their positions as supposedly respectable members of their communities. They cannot but assert itself, and the courts must be more frequently appealed to.



## I HEARD RATHER A GOOD ONE .. ..

He (tired of dodging)—"Would you marry a one-eyed man?"

She—"Good gracious, no!"

He—"Then let me carry your umbrella."

John P. Irish spoke in California against woman suffrage. One night after a meeting in Sacramento a militant suffragette came up to him and said in stern, cruel tones:

John P. Irish, you're a lowdown liar! The truth isn't in you!"

"Madam," Irish rejoined, "is it so bad as that? Wouldn't you believe anything I say?"

"Not a thing. I wouldn't believe a word you utter. You can't tell the truth!"

"In that case," replied Irish, "permit me to say, madam, that you are a perfect lady."

While president of the Lake Shore Railroad the late John Newell was so opposed to granting passes that he frequently refused to give them to railroad officials, and when he did he limited such transportation to certain trains. On one occasion he prepared a parcel of exchange passes and sent them out as usual. Across the end of the one he forwarded to President Caldwell was printed in red ink the words, "Not good on limited or fast trains." With out exasperating delay President Caldwell's annual pass for the Nickel Plate to President Newell arrived. Across the face, in the bold handwriting of President Caldwell, were the words, in red ink, "Not good on passenger trains."

"Look at that seven-storey building. When I came to this town I could have bought that corner for \$75."

"Why didn't you do it?"

"Well, the man who owned it would not accept a cash payment of 30 cents."

Micky and Pat had been at school together, but had drifted apart in after life. They met one day, and the conversation turned on athletics. "Did you ever meet my brother Dennis?" asked Pat. "He has just won a gold medal in a Marathon race." "That's fine," said Mike. "But did I ever tell you about my uncle at Ballythomas?" Pat agreed that he could not call him to mind. "Well, continued Mike, "he's got a gold medal for five miles and one for ten miles, a silver medal for swimming, two cups for wrestling, and a lot of badges for boxing and cycling." "He must be a great athlete, indeed," said Pat. "You're wrong," cried Mike. "He keeps a pawnshop!"

Subbubs had taken Chumleigh home to dine. Everything went well until they were seated at the dinner table, when Willie Subbubs remarked: "Why pa, this is roast beef."

"Well," said the father, "what of it?"

"Why, I heard you tell me at breakfast that you were going to bring a muttonhead home for dinner

this evening."

"You've been sleeping in the telephone booth, I believe," said the manager of the summer hotel.

"Yes."

"I can give you a billiard table now, if you like."

"No. I'll stick to the booth. I rather like the room. It isn't large, but it's cozy."

Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes, in an address on behalf of a New York county week charity, told a quaint story.

"A little slum girl," she said, "stood for the first time in her life in a barnyard—a genuine, old-fashioned barnyard, with its racks, its lazy cows, its plows and harrows and what-not."

"The slum child drank it all in delightedly, then gasped, half to herself:

"An' jest look at the chickens—all ruin' around raw!"

"Yes, I really must go tomorrow."

"You can just as well stay till Monday."

"But the folks are expecting me."

"Telegraph them that you're going to stay."

"I'm sorry, but if I stay I'm liable to lose \$1,000 on that deal I told you of."

"Oh, pshaw, the deal can wait a few days."

"My manager has written me that his business needs my attention."

"Yes, but he is only afraid to assume a little responsibility. The business will be all right."

"There is an important meeting of the directors that I really must attend."

"Oh, they'll get along all right without you."

"You know how much I'd like to stay, but the fact is my railroad ticket runs out tomorrow."

"Well, in that case, I suppose you will have to go. Be sure and come up to see us again in a month or two."—Puck.

"The lady of the house had just entered the kitchen and found the cook sitting on a policeman's knee."

"Now, Bridget," she said, sternly, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"He's a resin' me, mum," replied Bridget.

A Canadian woman who was going south last winter, decided to have her trunks examined at Toronto, and thus save any inconvenience at the border.

The customs official asked, as he proceeded to open the tray of the first "saratoga."

"What have you got here, madam?"

"Nothing dutiable—just clothing."

"Ah!" said the official blandly, as he held up a bottle of Canadian whiskey, which had been concealed beneath a pile of nice fresh blouses. "And what do you call this?"

"Oh! That's just material for my husband's nightgown," was the prompt reply.

The whiskey went through.

Scene, bedroom. Time 10.30 p.m. Hubl enters softly; wife speaks:

"Henry, did you bring up Willie's croup remedy?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the darling's castor oil?"

"Yes, love."

"And the colic cure?"

"Yes, pet."

"And the peppermint?"

"Yes, birdie."

"And the vapor lamp?"

"Yes, yes."

"And the cup of boric acid to sterilize his spoon with?"

"Here 'tis."

"And the hot water bag, and his pacifier and bottle of milk?"

"All here."

"Are you sure the dear little angel is wrapped warm enough?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Well, then, bring me a glass of water, put out the cat, lock the door and open the windows at the top, and come on to bed, I'm just fagged out."

"What do you think of this idea of the recall?"

"It wouldn't work," replied the baseball fan. "If you undertook to put an umpire out every time the crowd hissed, the game couldn't go on."

**An Obvious Winner**

At the bathing resort all the men folk declared Miss de Rigger's chic suits were the best;

They just had to agree since twas easy to see That she clearly outstripped all the rest.

Michael Casey, a politician in San Francisco, who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow-citizens. It was a labor meeting.

"You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body men in this city. You are the roots and the trunk of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall, "but did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"

Lippincott's: The man who marries a grass widow doesn't always live in clover.

Philadelphia Record: Blobs—When Polly Peachen gets into her bathing suit she affects me like champagne.

Slobbs—Yes; she is extra dry.

She said that she would meet him

If in the taxi he'd wait.

And when she came to greet him

She was quite two dollars late.

—New York Sun.

**THE MULE**

(G. F. Grogan in the London Spectator). ....

I am the mule; along the precipice's utter edges

I walk demurely, stepping surely

Across the slippery ledges

Of smooth worn rock, desirous I grin

The while I note the mental state wherein

Is cast my rider—who is but a fool.

I am the mule; at peep o' day, yawning they shiver-

ing rise,

And seek me, bearing ropes, and swearing;

Entrapped, my gentle eyes

They cover with a cloth, and on my back

Is rudely robed the dolorous pack—

Which I again buck off—such is my rule.

The mountains' cool gives way; live oaks the pines

replace;

The buckboard, swerving down the curving cart

road files, the pack, and the

More furious grows; slack hangs the loosened trace,

Grimly the trembling travelers backward brace;

The time has come—I balk—I am the mule.

### THE CALL

Turn ye again, my people, turn;  
Enter my palace wild and rude  
And cheerily let your camp-fires burn  
Throughout my scented solitude.

The glare, the tumult, and the stress  
Are gone with yesterday, and we  
Are children of the wilderness,  
Of wonder and of mystery.

Mark how the titled mountains lie  
Mantled with moss and cloistered fir  
My brother, canst thou pass them by,  
Art thou not too a worshipper?

The long lake wrinkling in the wind  
The breathless wood, and, over all,  
Through tangled underbrush entwined  
The riot of a waterfall.

The multitudinous sounds that blend  
In one vast stillness void of sound,  
A slumber too divine to end,  
Interminable and profound.

Close to the bosom undefined  
Of her who bore mankind in press  
Receiving like a wandering child,  
Her inarticulate caress.

Turn ye again, my people, turn;  
Enter my palace wild and rude  
And cheerily let your camp-fires burn  
Throughout my scented solitude.

—Alan Sullivan in Harper's Magazine.

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OTHERS FOLLOW**

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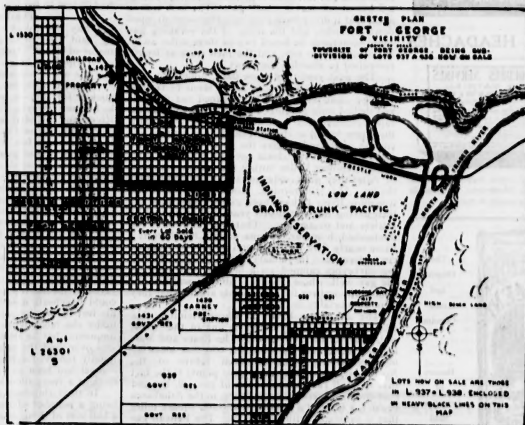
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## VANITY FAIR

As the paper is rather over-balanced this week with Stampede doings, I shall have to put the social news necessarily short.

Mrs. Sydney Woods and her children returned on Monday from spending a summer's delightful holidays at her camp at Bowen Island. Unfortunately, Mrs. Woods sustained an accident just prior to coming home, and is laid up as a semi-invalid as a result.

Mrs. Frank Bowers and her children left on Tuesday for the East, where they will spend the next two months. Mr. Bowers accompanied them as far as Calgary.

Miss Marjorie Beck is giving a smart young people's dance in the Separate School Hall this Friday night.

Miss Naomi Farrell, of Winnipeg, spent last Sunday in Edmonton, the guest of her brother, Mr. Eustace Farrell.

Mrs. Jack Anderson and Miss Lucy Oliver left early in the week for Ottawa.

I noticed a great many Edmontonians enjoying the Stampede in Calgary. Among others: Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barnes and their daughters, Miss Ethel Barnes, Miss Gwen Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Barnes, Mr. Max Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hampden, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morris, Mr. Alan Harris, The Hon. and Mrs. C. W. Cross, Dr. Nicholls, the Premier and Mrs. Sitton, and Mrs. Clark Dennis, the Hon. Duncan Marshall, Mr. Freddie Macfie, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Short, Mr. and Mrs. M. Scobie, and hosts of others.

I had a dance two before the midnight train pulled out, at the smart little hop given by Mrs. Winslow in the charming new "Daffodil" Tea Room, for Miss Phyllis and Miss Gwen Barnes, her guests.

The hostess wore a lovely frock of black and white, exquisite lace, veiled in black chiffon, and carried a great sheaf of crimson roses.

Miss Barnes wore the prettiest little pink champagne frock veiled in coral-beaded net, and with it, a big bunch of violets.

Miss Gwen was lovely in the daintiest white mull frock.

Supper was served at small tables, centred with brass baskets, holding the most exquisite cut flowers.

Mrs. Powis, of Winnipeg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. De Wolf MacDonald, on Seventh Street.

Mrs. Muir Frith was the hostess of a tiny tea party on Thursday in honor of Miss Manson.

The same day the Misses Gorman gave a charming luncheon for the bride elite, Miss Florence Fortin.

Mrs. Welsh was the hostess of a delightful small five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

On Monday evening, Miss Crosskill gave a jolly six-table bridge for Mrs. Ince and Mrs. Gerald Worsley.

Mr. Alan Harvie has returned from a two months' holiday spent with his people in Orilla.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat are expected back from their trip to the Old Country any day.

I see Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Moore back in town, the latter looking in splendid health after her detention.

I have no space this week to describe Mrs. Nightingale's tea given on Tuesday afternoon, and at which all of our smart society second presented. It was the prettiest tea that has marked the opening of the early autumn season, but I must hold over any further description until our next issue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. MacNamara returned on Saturday, from an extended trip through the Eastern American and Canadian cities.

Next issue, if my Cowboy doesn't fail me, you will have a participant's own account of the affair, set up for you as he saw it.

I never yet found that you could mix oil and water, and a Cowboy tells best in his own style, what a Cowboy thinks.

Mr. Vivian, in the course of his address on "Town Planning" on Wednesday evening in the First Presbyterian Church, touched at its base, on a subject, which strikes most of us very often, but about which we are little chary in expressing an opinion. It is the fact that the men who amass huge fortunes in a city, owe that they are there to Edmonton boasts its quota of millionaires. There are very few of them who are known to give a thought to its unselfish welfare. Money, and more money is their one cry.

Why someone asked me in Calgary the other day who our Big Men are?

I didn't know they meant men with long bank accounts, and I'm afraid I left most of them out. We have few Big Men in town as a matter of fact.

We have a lot of money-makers.

Where are any Art patrons, where the men interested in building a City Beautiful?

Where are the wealthy potentates known to have helped struggling genius?

In half a poor old fellow who took me for a drive, told me that George O'Connor had left him the money once, though he was under no compulsion to do so, that told him over the Rubicon in his fortunes. So I added George B. O'Connor's name to my small list.

The old man told me he "heered" that George was a big man now.

So he is. He's got the brains and the heart if he hasn't got the money, and his kind are the Big Men, and the men we want here, and the men who are going to look out for Edmonton as well as for their own pockets.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

The Enquire was crowded to capacity on Sunday night for the thirteenth concert of the Orchestral Society, while a large number were turned away. The programme fully maintained the high standard that has been set since the venture was launched. It was not quite as ambitious as some previous occasions, the Massenet suite, a most beautiful thing, standing undoubtedly in the forefront from a purely artistic standpoint. The Schlegelgrotte overture had a most delightful swing. The Waldteufel waltz and the "Tine, Place and the Girl" selection were, as was to be expected, most enthusiastically received.

The feature of the evening was probably Mr. Huotnick's cornet solo, with orchestral accompaniment. "The Lost Chord" had done service for a great many cornetists, since Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote it, but it has not often been better given than by Mr. Huotnick on Sunday night. He responded to an encore with Schubert's "Serenade."

Mr. Lutterworth sang the Torsador Song from Carmen as his opening number. A more robust voice does it a larger measure of justice. I hear you calling "which he gave as an encore and Huotnick's exquisite "The Last Watch" were more in Mr. Lutterworth's line and the latter of these was especially well done.

Some day before long when we have a larger theatre we may look to see it crowded every Sunday night to hear an orchestra two and three times the size of the present one. The enterprise undoubtedly fills a public need and should develop into something on a large scale that will do a great deal for the cause of good music in the city.

The Toronto Star recently published some interesting opinions on musical matters from Mr. F. W. Wood, leader of the Scots Guards' band, which has been playing at the Toronto Exhibition. What he had to say about "O Canada" will be agreed with by most music-lovers. It is long, and it is popular all the time and will eventually, I believe, be adopted everywhere. Certainly, it is very necessary to get away from "The Maple Leaf," as what will be the most popular part of Canada, that lying west of the Lakes, does not know the tree referred to.

"Before I came to Canada I was told that Toronto was the musical centre of the Dominion. It is, I find that Toronto has a highly educated musical taste. The appreciation of the best numbers on the programs we give proves that. Those programs have been most carefully selected, let me say, and I am delighted that the exhibition crowds are appreciating them."

This was the statement of Mr. Wood. He ference of opinion as to the relative merits of "The Maple Leaf Forever" and "O Canada."

But when The Star put the query to him as to his preference, he did not hesitate.

"I prefer 'O Canada,'" he said. "It is a much finer piece of music, much higher in point of musical worth and poetic value as a national song. 'One thing that amazes me here,' said Mr. Wood, 'is the strong patriotism of the Toronto public. Whenever we strike such selection as 'Rule Britannia' or 'The British Grenadiers' or your own 'Maple Leaf,' there is an instant outburst of applause. There seems to be a strong tie of patriotic feeling over here—a love for the Motherland. It is different over in England. There is little enthusiasm there when we play patriotic airs. They may be more used to them over there."

Mr. Wood says he finds that there is a great diversity of musical tastes among exhibition crowds. For that reason he has tried to vary his program and satisfy them, using quite a few of the lighter and more popular hand pieces—even American rag-time.

There are many that like the lighter stuff and we give them a little of it. We are trying to please everybody."

The following from the Victoria Colonist will interest many Edmonton theatre-goers who have very pleasant memories of the good work that was done by the Allen players, especially Miss Verna Felton, in this city some years ago.

At the end of this week the Allen Players will proceed to Prince Rupert for a short season, playing in stock all the time, and presenting such plays as "Nell Gwynne," "Zaza," "The House of a Thousand Candles," "Merely Mary Ann," "Whose Baby Are You?" and "In the Bishop's Carriage." In this diversified repertoire Miss Verna Felton has appeared in Victoria with conspicuous success, and the company has done wonders for "stock" in Victoria. It is the first stock company that has been able to play a continuous season of three months here.

Walter Catlett, who made such a hit in Edmonton as Prof. Theophilus Sherry with "Madame Sherry," is now playing the leading comedy role with John C. White's big production "The Red Rose." If anybody forgets him, just say "I'm Surprised!"

The company which played "Bunny Puts the Strings" with Molly McIntyre as Bunty, is now playing to large audiences through the western states. The Minneapolis papers are most enthusiastic regarding its work.

The writer of the musical department in Winnipeg Town Topics has this to say about congregational singing that could be taken to heart in a good many places without any harm—

"The doxology 'Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow' is a splendid opening for a church service when it is properly rendered, but the writer has been recently attending a church where this time-honored hymn seems to be regarded as a pulchry bit of ceremony that cannot be gone through too quickly. If the other hymns were sung at the same pace the service would be unbearable to anyone of normal sensibilities, but fortunately the rapid tempo of the doxology is exceptional, Organists and choralists know very well how apt a congregation is to 'dreg' in singing hymns, especially those in which the movement is naturally slow. Whoever heard organ, choir and congregation make a complete success of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee?' As a rule the organist and choir feel obliged to keep a little ahead

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And every one that lives must drink it up.

And yet between the sparkle and the top

And the black lees where lurks that bitter drop

There swims enough good liquor, heaven knows,

To ease our hearts of all our other woes.

The bubbles rise in sunshine at the brim,

That drop below is very far and



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of the congregation, in order to keep the latter up to the proper tempo, with the result that really excellent hymns sing in a hurry. Better the slow than too fast, however. Anyone who has attended a negro church service in the South must have been greatly impressed by the singing. The negroes sing many of their hymns by words rather than by phrases, going very slowly and pausing after every word. It is a wonder that the phonograph companies have not secured specimens of this kind of singing. Of course it takes a very long time to go through a hymn by this method, but it is preferable to the other extreme, as instanced in the above-mentioned performance of the doxology.

The churches ought to have good music. There is no necessity for singing poor hymns though there are too many poor ones in the average hymn book. Some are poor poetically, some musically, some in both respects; but there are plenty of good ones, and it is a pity that the best are the strongest favorites with congregations. Yet in order to have hymns closely keeping with his sermon a minister will sometimes choose the musically defective to the dislike of the musical people who are called upon to sing them. If ministers whose taste in music is not very good would consult the choir-master or someone else whose taste is reliable, the poorer hymns might be excluded from the repertoire of the church. What about the Sunday schools? It is hardly to be wondered at that boys parody some of the hymns—that they are asked to sing. Good hymns intended primarily for the young, are lamentably scarce, but fortunately children do not ask that their hymns be retitled to suit a class of fifteen can hardly enjoy singing the words "A little child like me," and it may be that even the youngest do not care to emphasize the fact that they are children. They don't like to listen to a man who in addressing them, gives them the impression that he is condescending to their level, and if that is not the attitude of many of the so-called Sunday school hymns the writer is very much mistaken. Let the Sunday schools make quality their aim in selecting hymns the writer is very much mistaken. Let the cannot be good for general use unless it is simple, and it has both qualities it will be suitable for the Sunday school as well as for the church.

Writing in "Musical America," Robert Grau, brother of the famous impresario, tells of the return of a great tenor, Jean de Reszke, to the Metropolitan Opera House after a year's absence. He had left with the declaration that he would never sing again till his voice and health were in perfect condition. So completely did Madame Schumann-Heink triumph over him that he re-engaged him without a hearing, and the result justified his faith. That was nine years ago. Mr. Grau declares that de Reszke must be still in good condition; otherwise no amount of money could induce him to return to the stage, as he will in Chicago next season. He would never sing in a concert, nor would he sing at a night, tempt him to sing in the homes of the wealthy. From a number of such principles poor work can be expected.

**SCHUMANN-HEINK AT THE EMPIRE SEPTEMBER 19th**

Certainly last night's concert was the triumph of Madame Schumann-Heink. Great though Mr. Weisman's orchestra is, that accomplished, finished body of musicians had to yield first place—which they did—being musicians and receptive of the heat of rich vocal accomplishment, not only gracefully, but themselves enthusiastic as units in the mass in Massey Hall last night, straining mightily to make Madame understand—it is more than likely their desire was achieved—that they appreciated the wondrous beauty of her voice and the facile artistry with which she rendered her songs. It was very good indeed to hear her songs. The writer heard many times, Adelina Patti, and Antonietta Trelli. Probably there are others in Toronto who had that pleasure. If they can imagine a sort of vocal reincarnation of these two divas in one woman, some idea of Madame Schumann-Heink's vocal culture of her musical charms may be gathered. Her rendering of the recit and aria "Adriano" from Wagner's "Rienzi," rousing her sharply, perceptibly, again almost unnoticeably fading from the tense to the tender, was as quick and quaintly puzzling—being at the same time wholly satisfactory to her audience, as the shimmering Northern Lights. Madame sang many songs, and added to their rendering very much to their charm, the exquisite beauty of her voice by the sympathetic understanding which she not only showed in herself, but in facile manner conveyed to her hearers. There were other items, notably those contributed by Mr. Frank Weisman's splendid Toronto Symphony Orchestra, but the concert was even the members of the orchestra seemed to tacitly admit, Madame's own personal triumph and through her hearers, she made it so. Her generous though she was with her hearers, there were musical gluttons in the hall, who would, so far as one might judge, be listening to her beautiful singing still, if the applause at the end of her last of many encores might be accounted as any means of judging what their inclination was.

### "THE HEART BREAKERS"

"The Heart Breakers," the latest musical comedy, which will be seen at the Empire Theatre September 12, 13, 14, comes direct from a six months' run at Manager Mort H. Singer's pretty playhouse the Frith Theatre, Chicago. George H. Frith, who appeared as the "Prince" in the Merry Widow, for five years will be seen in the leading role, that of "The Master"; others in the cast are Miss Myrtle Vail, a prima donna who Manager Singer discovered on his recent trip to Europe, Claire Noelle, Lorraine Bernard, Edward Hunne, Cass, Horn, and forty others. Needless to say that the sprightly singing and dancing choruses that has made the Singer attractions famous the country over will be along in abundance.

A fascinating story is built about an organization of young men who seek to revenge jiltings, by kissing the young women who have wounded their hearts. In seeking revenge upon one particular girl, the leader of the band loses his own heart. The Chicago American seems to sum up the "Heart Breakers" in that statement that "It is a spring-entertained June-time play. There is an atmosphere which is found only in mellow June mood." The Inter-Ocean refers to the Singer production as "a nervously active, well judged, riotous charge

upon the strongholds of boredom and weariness."

The Evening Post says, "The Heart Breakers is in many respects the most ambitious of all the Singer offerings." There are numerous songs such as "Your Bye, Bye, You Smile and You Gaily Good-bye," "Lonely," "Somewhere, She's Hitting with Someone," "The Bashful Bumble Bee" and many others. There are two acts, the first taking place at the Saxon Club, New York, and the second at Mungler Castle in the Adirondacks.

A Julian Street in last week's Collier's described indimitable style, some of the joys of life in the metropolis under the title "Welcome to Our City." This description of a musical comedy is a classic in the theatre.

"The Giddy Widow" is a musical comedy, which deals with the comic gushes of Hoggenspiet, a German dialect comedian, (don't that name a perfect scream?) Hoggenspiet ("I-haff to laff every time I say it") comes from Kalamazoo. Kalamazoo is always good for a laugh on Broadway. He is in the pickle business. The pickle business is also very comic. Sometimes I think that it gets funnier every year. An uncle of Hoggenspiet, who is in the pickle business (also a perfect scream!) leveled him three million dollars (this is the plot, so take notice), provided the nephew funds and marries a mysterious ballet dancer, known as the Giddy Widow. But (forget) No. 21 they meet in a saloon (here a comic song: "For I come from Kalamazoo," by Hoggenspiet and sixteen Spanish girls). Naturally, in the second act they all go to Paris. I forget whether it is Maxine of the Moulin Rouge—and of course the Giddy Widow wants the three million, but hates Kalamazoo. ("Song: 'The Will-Will-Will' and the like they are and Hoggenspiet chews up carrots and blows them at her while talking. It is a scream! Then there's a song about champagne, where a dark one and Hoggenspiet making Hoggenspiet think he's dreaming. Next, the young French officer comes in and wants to fight a duel with Hoggenspiet (it's over the Giddy Widow, naturally), and Hoggenspiet is asked to death. The plot is awfully funny. Then Hoggenspiet dresses in a frock coat and flat-topped silk hat, and pretends that he's a millionaire who is a duelist, and the French officer, knowing that this man has killed a lot of men, is afraid to fight. Well, from there they go to the yacht. Then the head waiter sticks out that the Giddy Widow really his wife, and discloses the fact that he isn't a waiter at all, but is really a rich Roumanian in disguise. Then they find her, according to the Roumanian law, they are divorced. So the husband is free to marry the comely, after all. (I forgot to tell you about the Giddy Widow, who is a black hair and a straightened girl with a funny song about "Divorce, divorce, you'll all have one of course," after which the masquerading head waiter discloses that the little girl with the blond hair, who has been singing off key, in a piping voice, is really his daughter! So he gives her permission to marry the young American naval officer, and that part of it is ended. With the Giddy Widow won't marry Hoggenspiet. At last, though, he persuades her to agree to it, providing he becomes mayor of Kalamazoo. Then he sits over and spends a million on votes, and turns the pickle factory into a public dance hall, so of course he is elected. Finally they're off, off, off. Curtain. It's a bully show. Don't miss it. The only man I saw who wasn't laughing his head off was an Englishman, but Englishmen haven't any sense of humor, it takes the Americans to appreciate a joke. We're a race of humorists. If you don't believe it, ask us."

### FRENCH AS THEY REALLY ARE

Indianapolis News: The French satirical journal, Gil Blas, reports an imaginary conversation at the Vanderbilt casino, the participants being William K. Vanderbilt, Paul Clout, Clarence H. Mackay, and James Gordon Bennett.

"What attracts you to French," says one, "is the charm and ease of life the traveller finds here, which, however, is not at all real French life. D'you suppose all French people pass their time as we do during our visits, dining amid flowers and black coats?"

"Certainly not," replied the second. "French life, except at the gay resorts, is most quiet and well regulated—exceedingly economical. The French know how to live at home and pleasantly when it is necessary, but also know how to live outside of home amid elegance and gaiety when they choose."

"Then the Frenchman is not here in Deanville," comments the third member of the party. "If only Frenchmen, such as we see here, were the fourth, there would be no more France. This same Frenchman whom you see favored by fortune will get home in the evening quietly put on his slippers, and dine on a round steak and a bottle of unsalted water."

"The Frenchman knows how to enjoy life without going to extremes. I remember many restaurants in foreign countries where Russians, English, and Germans ignore the art of bearing themselves with grace and modesty. Not so with the French. Amuse, eat, and drink, at times in appearance, they never lose their gracious smile and air of distinction. Whether at a luxurious table, like this, or the boulevard dining-table, the Frenchman always preserves his good humor, for he knows how to live."

### "DE DOUTIBUS"

The humans eat extraordinary things. A particular delicacy is the white "larvae" of a beetle found in the decaying wood of a tree trunk. They slip up the log with their mighty stout axes and cut up the fragments with sharpened shells in the quest of the "larvae." Sometimes they eat their raw, but usually roast them first. There are two kinds of water tortoises which they like to eat, and rats, hawks, frogs and snakes and the eggs of crocodiles they devour greedily. They make a salad of the slug, the worm and the cavyary; all of which they hunt with dogs.

## NOTICE

Under the provisions of the Company's Act R. N. Frith & Company, Limited, hereby give public notice that they will make application to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies of the Province of Alberta, for the change of name of R. N. Frith & Company, Limited to Frith, Townsend & Company, Limited.

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